

Fair Deal by Rozzlynn

Category: ☐☐☐☐ | Golden Sun Series

Genre: Abusive Parental Relationship, Deception, M/M, Proposed Incest, Threats of Violence

Language: English

Characters: Alex (Golden Sun), Harumani | Amiti

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2015-08-24

Updated: 2015-08-24

Packaged: 2021-01-09 11:30:56

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,446

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Amiti seeks information on his father from an enemy who seems to know his identity.

Fair Deal

Author's Note:

First posted on the gs kink meme. It'll gain extra warning tags if and when I finish the next chapter(s), but I figure this part is hopefully amusing enough to be worth posting even by itself.

Amiti sprinted along the narrow pathway surrounding the Apollo Lens, keeping his eyes peeled for any sign of Alex and the Tuaparang – no, they were Umbra Clan agents, weren't they? Not that he knew enough to tell the difference.

As soon as they'd recovered their vision following the Apollo Lens' blinding activation, Amiti and his friends had rushed over to Matthew and Sveta to heal them from their attempts at reaching the controls. Eoleo had left to see if anything remained of Volechek or the Umbra gear. When Amiti had looked up to watch him leave, he'd noticed that Chalis and Blados were missing. Since his friends were out of danger and his enemies might soon be out of range, Amiti had followed in Eoleo's footsteps as far as the ladder, then slipped away in search of answers.

He sped up when he caught sight of the airship. Only a handful of Tuaparang remained on the ground, speaking to Alex; whether that marked them as loyal to the High Empyror, or Umbra Clan deserters, or some kind of triple- or quadruple-crossers, Amiti didn't know and didn't currently care to guess.

"Alex!"

Amiti pressed his arm against the cramp in his side as he called out. If they thought he was trying to sneak up on

them, they might decide to shoot first.

"Hey, look who it is," one of the Tuaparang commented.

The whole group turned to face Amiti as he caught up, and Alex's expression remained neutral.

Even if they were both linked to the Mercury Clan, Alex couldn't possibly be his father. Amiti hadn't drawn this conclusion from wishful thinking alone. No, he'd been watching, and trying not to let on that he was watching. Alex had never spared him a second glance. He'd consistently displayed the sort of sheer indifference that one might feel towards an acquaintance's son, or an extremely distant relative. Since there was a chance that Alex knew his father through both the Mercury Clan and the Tuaparang's interest in the Alchemy Machines, Amiti was all but certain that he knew his identity.

"I... I must..." Amiti stammered out, trying to catch his breath. Even if they weren't so disinterested as to ignore him now that he'd played his part in their foul plans, he doubted he'd be able to detain them for long.

"I hope you're not here for revenge, sweetie," another of the Tuaparang told him. "It'd be a shame to kill you after all you've done for us."

Amiti drew in a deep breath through clenched teeth, trying to keep a handle on his temper. "If I intended to fight, I would not have come alone. Alex. I must speak with you. I think you might - "

"Is he going to spit it out? It's certainly taken him long enough."

"Shut up! Were you under the impression I was addressing you? I only have business with Alex. If the rest of you vipers would kindly go fuck yourselves before I feed your dicks to the - "

"Where did you learn that kind of language?" Alex asked, out of the blue.

"From the pirates. Where else? If it's quite alright, I must ask you -"

Alex laid a hand on his shoulder and warped him away mid-sentence. Amiti blinked in the dim light as they materialised in the Apollo Sanctum's inner chamber.

"To which entity do you intend to feed their dicks?" Alex asked, folding his arms.

"To your mother, naturally," Amiti snapped, still bristling with anger.

"A foul mouth is unbecoming on a prince."

Amiti blinked again at the absurdity of this admonition. He wasn't sure whether he was closer to laughter or tears, though he hoped to avoid either. "For a moment there, you almost sounded like Paith... Paithos... Ah, this is not what I am here for."

"You have ten seconds left."

"Do you know of my father? Would anything convince you to tell me who he is and how to find him?" Amiti asked in a rush. "Now that this crisis is over, if there is nothing to keep you from speaking to me and telling me such things..."

"Why should I tell you?"

"You mean, you do know?" Amiti blurted out, feeling his heart lift. "Of course you do. I... I will swear not to mutilate your accomplices..."

"What else?"

"I have asked you what price you would request. It may not be anything I am willing to offer, but I would never forgive myself if I did not at least broach the subject."

Alex looked him over. Amiti wished he could read his expression. He seemed... possibly... displeased? Feeling lightheaded, Amiti reminded himself that Alex had never attacked him directly. There was a first time for everything, but he couldn't afford to let his imagination stray down that path.

"Are you willing to pay with your body?"

"What?"

"Will you trade sex for information?"

"You - you would hold knowledge of my paternity hostage and give me no choice but to - "

"You have a choice, Amiti. Indeed, you have many choices. Your kingdom is safe. You have friends in high places. You have Insight Psynergy, and your companions are capable of reading hearts and minds. You have only been searching for your father for a few months, and it has hardly been your highest priority. If you will throw a tantrum and pursue the first line of enquiry that you come across in order to satisfy your own idle curiosity, then I am entitled to make a similarly selfish request."

"Selfish? That is not a fair criticism. I must bear in mind that his identity may have consequences for Ayuthay further down the line."

"However, it is not urgent. Ayuthay has thrived on its own for the past twenty years, has it not?"

Amiti stared at the floor, trying to pick his next argument with care.

"Am I wrong?" Alex asked. "Is there an urgent reason you wish to find him? If so, I might rethink the price."

Amiti wished he could tell him that *'yes, actually, it's very urgent'*, but he knew it wouldn't work unless he came up with a reason.

"He might urgently need to find me. If he is ill or imprisoned, and he needs to pass on information, or an heirloom...?" Amiti guessed. He found himself waiting an uncomfortably long time for a response. "...I suppose you will not give away anything for free."

"The High Empyror has not ordered me to divulge the information you seek. There are risks associated with passing on secrets. I am under no obligation to offer you anything free of charge. Would you rather I asked for money or food, or any of the other material goods that are in desperate supply as a result of the Grave Eclipse? Surely you do not intend to divert resources that would otherwise be available to your long-besieged subjects."

"No. If you will not simply tell me, then I will think it over. There may be something else... I will consider it. How will I get in touch with you if I change my mind? Even if I were able to give you an answer right now, I do not imagine either of us could spare the time."

Alex seemed surprised – or at least, his eyes widened very slightly, and it could be read as surprise. He took a small sphere from his pocket and handed it over. It was made from white marble, and it was about the size of a coin in diameter. There was a strange symbol engraved on one side. Amiti made a mental note to borrow Matthew's glyph book.

"Schedule permitting, I will meet with you within a week of its activation." Alex half-turned away, and started glowing with Psynergy.

"How do I activate it?" Amiti asked, fitting in the question before he disappeared.

"Use the Insight Glass before asking for help."

Amiti nodded and fished out the Insight Glass. "I'll – wait!"

Alex warped away without pausing for him this time.

Wishing himself luck, Amiti drew on the power of the Insight Glass and took another look at the sphere. He only needed to twist it to send a signal; its two halves rotated independently of each other. With that question answered, Amiti devoted himself to figuring out what exactly had just happened.

Obtaining a method of contact was certainly an achievement. If he handed the artefact over to his friends, they could probably come up with a plan to force some real answers out of Alex. However, if they asked Amiti how he'd managed it... Could he admit to arranging a booty call with one of the instigators of the Grave Eclipse? No. No, of course not. That was a silly question. If Sveta were to read his mind, he could only hope that she would understand the context and speak to him before discussing it with anyone else.

Did Alex seriously desire him? The steep price he'd named had seemed more a condescending means of putting him in his place and dodging the question. Even if he expected him to agree to it sooner or later, coercing him into it would only be another power trip. Alex probably did want the achievement of bedding the prince of Ayuthay after causing him a world of grief.

It would be difficult to set up an ambush, since they hadn't arranged a time or place to meet. Alex had probably avoided offering anything more specific than 'sometime within the span of a week' in order to eliminate that possibility. No doubt he would wait until he was alone before approaching him. Even if Matthew and the others managed to crash the party, it might not do them any good. The last time they'd tried to confront Alex, they hadn't been able to get anywhere near him. Even if the element of surprise allowed them to connect with an attack, he could still warp away from the fight, or retaliate and completely thrash them. Or take what he had come for from all the attendees. Since there were no lives currently at stake, was it worth the risk?

Perhaps if they used their advantage to debilitate him with Psynergy such as Bind or Sleep, or the djinni Doldrum or Rime, they could take him out quickly enough, but in that case the battle plan would probably involve dealing a fatal strike before the effect wore off. The others would not delay for conversation if it would put victory at risk. Even if Alex hadn't yet explained who had started up the Alchemy Well, or why the High Empyror had ordered the Grave Eclipse, or whether this was truly the end of the Tuaparang's interference, the others would let him take those secrets to the grave rather than granting him the time to cause further damage. Was that really the best way forwards? If they had killed Alex before the Eclipse and averted it as a result, that would have been fantastic. On the other hand, if they had

killed him any time between then and now, Blados and Chalis might have won and condemned the world to eternal darkness, claiming all of Weyard for their kind and wiping out everyone else in the process. If further trouble lay ahead, would it turn out worse without Alex around to throw a spanner in the works? The others might be too angry to admit it, but they did not have sufficient information to judge whether revenge would be in their people's best interests. At worst, the High Empyror might retaliate and massacre them all. On a more personal level, Amiti realised that until he found his father, he was unwilling to eliminate a lead of any calibre. Perhaps that accusation of selfishness had not been far off the mark. Then again, 'vengeance before family' was not the most virtuous set of priorities either.

If Alex had insisted that their hasty meeting today was his only chance to take him up on his offer, that he would never see him again, and that he would never find his father without taking a few minutes to earn information unobtainable anywhere else in the world - if Alex had truly piled on the pressure, Amiti hated to admit it, but he could probably have had him then and there. Gods, his stomach hurt. What if the others had gone looking for him, and walked in on them? The current and future rulers of Morgal, Champa and Yamata, watching him embrace the cause of their suffering... Even if they would believe that he'd been coerced, what would he have done to Ayuthay's reputation, and to their diplomatic ties? The others had told him throughout their journey that he was too easily swayed. They were right, more so than they knew...

Amiti put away the sphere and headed for the exit. He didn't have time to dwell on the problem right now, but he would figure out his own opinions before confiding in anyone, lest

they sweep him away in plans he was ill prepared to critique.

Once outside, he didn't have to run far before spotting the others. Matthew and Sveta were both on their feet, more or less, though Tyrell and Karis were lending them a lot of support. Himi and Eoleo ran out to meet him once they caught sight of him.

"Where the hell have you been?" Eoleo demanded, grabbing his arm.

"I thought I saw something, but I was either wrong, or too late..."

"Do you have any idea how worried we were?" Karis asked, catching up. "I was certain you wouldn't have wandered off on your own in enemy territory, without a word to any of us..."

Himi scowled and poked him in the side.

"Don'tcha even have half a brain?" Eoleo chided.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking." Amiti bit his lip, wishing he'd hurried back sooner.

"Well, you're safe now. That's the main thing," Kraden replied. "Are you sure you are unharmed?"

"Yes, I'm fine." Amiti was spared the need to apologise further when Eoleo and Himi pulled him into a hug, robbing him of most of the air in his lungs. Karis and Sveta soon joined in, making the situation better and worse all at once. "N-need to breathe..."

While they were untangling themselves, Amiti noticed that Rief was staring at him, looking slightly suspicious. Amiti did his best to summon up a confused and mildly hurt expression. Rief blushed, and looked down to smooth out his robes.

"Are you ready to go home?" Matthew asked, offering him a weak smile.

"Yes, I am ready. Let us make haste. There is much to be done..."